

CROMMLEES

The Journal of ROBERT E. HOWARD Criticism *



No. 3

\$4.50

CROMLEES

The Journal of ROBERT E. HOWARD Criticism •

A Pulp Thriller and Political Journal

Volume One, Number 3

1988

C O N T E N T S

Editorial Comment	2
Synopsis for "The Snout in the Dark"	3
By Robert E. Howard	
Synopsis for "Drums of Tombalku"	5
By Robert E. Howard	
Bran Mak Morn: A Play	8
By Robert E. Howard	
Bran Mak Morn Synopsis	10
By Robert E. Howard	
The Diablos Trail	11
By Robert E. Howard	
Wolfsdung	16
By Robert E. Howard	
"The Vultures of Whapeton": Alternate Ending . .	18
By Robert E. Howard	
A Collector's Checklist of Howard's Fiction	20
By Robert M. Price	

EDITORIAL COMMENT

This third issue of Cromlech is not quite your typical issue. There are no articles analyzing the fiction of Robert E. Howard—and none of the wise and winsome comments of editor Marc Cerasini. Marc has been kind enough to allow me to put together a special issue, a collector's issue of Cromlech. By that I mean not so much an issue that will itself be a "hot collectible," but rather that it is a reference tool useful to Howard collectors.

The central focus of Cromlech 3 is "A Collector's Checklist of Howard's Fiction," updating and revising earlier lists compiled by Glenn Lord and Joe Marek. Based on my own experience with the earlier lists, this one should be of great utility in tracking down many of the various Howard items that have eluded you. Various notes should clear up questions you may have had concerning publication data, how much Howard himself actually wrote of the various "posthumous collaborations," etc.

Poring over the list, you might start drooling over this or that odd Howard item, asking in frustration: "Where am I ever going to find that?" But have no fear! To give you a head start on your quest, we have supplied seven of the most rare and interesting Howard scraps. First and second are the plot synopses of the stories left unfinished by Howard but ably completed by L. Sprague de Camp as "Drums of Tombalku" and "The Snout in the Dark." The unfinished Howard drafts appear in the Donald M. Grant Conan editions, but the synopses have never been published before. Third and fourth are two Bran Mak Morn items, the unfinished play "Bran Mak Morn" that first appeared in Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others (Cryptic Publications, 1983), and now out of print, and a never-before-published synopsis of a Bran story that Howard never got around to writing. This item has never even been listed before! Fifth, another "new" item, recovered from Howard's letters in the possession of the late Tevis Clyde Smith, is Howard's own parody of his famous horror tale "Wolfshhead," called "Wolfsdung." Sixth, also reprinted from Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others, is "The Diablos Trail," the last fragment in the Pike Bearfield series. Seventh is the alternate ending of "The Vultures of Whapeton," reprinted here from Cross Plains 5. We know how annoying it is to be missing one last item in an otherwise complete series!

Robert M. Price
Guest Editor

SYNOPSIS FOR "THE SNOOT IN THE DARK"

By Robert E. Howard

The Setting:

The city of Shumballa, in the land of Kush, which lies south of Stygia, in the vast grass lands. It was the capital of Kush, the population of which was composed of black people, brutal and warlike, known as Gallahs; they were ruled by a caste of dusky aristocrats, known as Chagas, who claimed descent from a band of Stygians who long ago wandered southward and set up a kingdom, of which Kush was the remnant. There were only a few hundred of these, but they maintained their position by intrigue and ferocity.

The People:

The mad, degenerate king of Kush; his handsome, cruel, sensual sister, Tananda; Tuthmes, a rebellious nobleman of royal blood; Diana, a Nemedian captive; Agara, a fanatical Gallah witch-finder; Conan the Cimmerian.

The Plot:

A commander of the Gallah warriors, a black man, having incurred the displeasure of Tananda, was cast into prison, in the upper room of a tall tower. He awoke in the night, to be murdered by a pig-like monster which had scaled the tower-wall and torn the bars from the window. This monster was a survival of a forgotten age, controlled by a dusky adventurer from Kordafan. An hour later the body of the commander was discovered, and a man ran to Tuthmes, to tell him of it. From the marks and prints, it was evident that no human being had killed the commander. Tuthmes told the man that the time was ripe to stir up the Gallahs against the king and his sister, and told him to find Agara, the witch-finder, and hint to him that Tananda had had the commander murdered. Tuthmes then went upon his roof, to brood over the walled city and the myriad mud huts of the Gallahs spreading into the plains beyond the wall. He, himself, had sent the monster to murder the commander in order to throw suspicion on Tananda, who was the real ruler of Kush. He plotted the overthrow of the ruling dynasty and the making of himself king, with the aid of the Gallahs. But it was a risky task, for the Gallahs had been murmuring, feeling that a pure black king should sit on the throne of Kush. Tuthmes sent for a white woman to present to the king, plotting to effect his ruin through her. His emissary bought a Nemedian girl, Diana, from a Shemitish slave-trader, who had captured her from an Argoscean trading vessel.

Shortly thereafter Tananda was riding through the city outside the walls, which was known as Punt, when Agara appeared and stirred up the people against her. Her escort were murdered, and she was dragged from her saddle and stripped naked by the mob, who were about to tear her to pieces when she was rescued by Conan, who had just arrived in Shumballa, a wandering adventurer who had recently been a corsair. She had the captain of the guard speared by his own men, and made Conan captain. Shortly thereafter he put down a rising of the blacks, and was greatly esteemed by the king.

Diana was brought to Tuthmes, who gave her her orders and sent

her to the king; but Tananda had her kidnapped, and Conan, seeing her, became vastly interested in her.

Agara, by his magic had discovered Tuthmes' part in the murder of the black commander, and accusing Tuthmes, was by him seized and tortured to death—or so Tuthmes thought. Tuthmes, seeing that he could not overthrow the king as long as Conan lived, sent his Kordafan monster to murder Conan.

Tananda ordered Diana to tell her the details of Tuthmes' plot, but the girl refused, for Tuthmes had frightened her almost into insanity. Tananda whipped her, and Conan entered and put a stop to it. Tananda in a fury threatened him, and he laughed at her, and taking the girl, went to his house.

In the great square of the inner city, a sorcerer was being tortured, while a great mob looked on and jeered. Conan, attacked at his house by the monster, wounded it mortally and pursued it into the square, where it rushed to its master, the Kordafan, and fell dead. The frenzied mob tore the Kordafan to pieces, and then appeared Agara, who denounced Tuthmes. He was likewise slain by the mob, and then the blacks rose and destroyed Shumballa, and Conan and Diana escaped.

SYNOPSIS FOR "DRUMS OF TOMBALKU"

By Robert E. Howard

Amalric, a son of a nobleman of the great house of Valerus, of western Aquilonia, halted at a palm-bordered spring in the desolate vastness of the desert that lies south of Stygia, with two companions, members of the bandit tribe of Ghanata, a Negro race mixed with Shemitish blood. The Ghanatas with Amalric were named Gobir and Saidu. Just at dusk, as they prepared to eat their frugal meal of dried dates, the third member of the tribe rode up—Tilutan, a black giant, famous for his ferocity and swordsmanship. He carried across his saddle-bow an unconscious white girl, whom he had found falling with exhaustion and thirst out on the desert as he hunted for the rare desert antelope. He cast the girl down beside the spring and began reviving her. Gobir and Saidu watched Amalric, expecting him to try to rescue her, but he feigned indifference, and asked them which would take the girl after Tilutan wearied of her. That started an argument, and he cast down a pair of dice, telling them to gamble for her. As they crouched over the dice, he drew his sword and split Gobir's skull. Instantly Saidu attacked him, and Tilutan threw down the girl and ran at him, drawing his terrible scimitar. Amalric wheeled about, causing Saidu to receive the thrust instead of himself, and hurling the wounded man into Tilutan's arms, grappled with the giant. Tilutan bore Amalric to the earth, and was strangling him, and threw him down, and rose to procure his sword and cut off his head. But as he ran at him, his girdle became unwound and he tripped and fell over it. His sword flew from his hand and Amalric caught it up and slashed his head nearly off. Then he reeled and fell senseless. He came to life again with the girl splashing him with water. He found she spoke a language akin to the Kothic, and they could understand each other. She said her name was Lissa, she was a beautiful youngster, white [with?] soft white skin, violet eyes, and dark wavy hair. Her innocence shamed the wild young soldier of fortune, and he forwent his intention of raping her. She supposed that he had fought his companions merely to rescue her, and he did not disillusion her. She said that she was an inhabitant of the city of Gazal, lying not far to the southeast. She had run away from Gazal, on foot, her water supply had given out, and she had fainted just as she was discovered by Tilutan. Amalric put her on a camel, he mounted a horse—the other beasts having broken away and bolted into the desert during the fight—and dawn found them approaching Gazal. Amalric was astounded to find the city a mass of ruins, except for a tower in the southeastern corner. When he spoke of it, Lissa turned pale, and begged him not to talk of it. He found the people were a dreamy, kindly race, without practical sense, much given to poetry and day dreams. There were not many of them, and they were a dying race. They had come into the desert and built the city over an oasis long ago—a cultured, scholarly race, not given to war. They were never attacked by any of the fierce and brutal nomadic tribes, because these people looked on Gazal with superstitious awe, and worshipped the thing that lurked in the southeastern tower. Amalric told Lissa his story—that he had been a soldier in the army of Argos, under the Zingaran Prince Zappayo da Kova, which had sailed in ships down the Kushite coast, landed in southern Stygia, and sought to invade the kingdom from that direction, while the armies of Koth invaded from the north. But

Koth had treacherously made peace with Stygia, and the army in the south was trapped. They found their escape to the sea cut off, and tried to fight their way eastward, hoping to gain the lands of the Shemites. But the army was annihilated in the desert. Amalric had fled with his companion, Conan, a giant Cimmerian, but they had been attacked by a band of wild-riding brown-skinned men of strange dress and appearance, and Conan was cut down. Amalric escaped under cover of night, and wandered in the desert, suffering from hunger and thirst, until he fell in with the three vultures of the Ghanata. He spoke of the unreality of the city of Gazal, and Lissa told him of her childish yet passionate desire to break [a]way from the stagnating environment, and see something of the world. She gave herself to him as naturally as a child, and as they lay together on the silk-covered couch in a chamber lighted only by the starlight, they heard awful cries from a building nearby. Amalric would have investigated, but Lissa clung to him, trembling, and told him the secret of the lonely tower. There dwelt a supernatural monster, which occasionally descended into the city and devoured one of the inhabitants. What the thing was, Lissa did not know. But she told of bats flying from the tower at dusk, and returning before dawn, and of piteous cries from victims carried up into the mysterious tower. Amalric was unnerved, and recognized the thing as a mysterious deity worshipped by certain cults among the Negro tribes. He urged Lissa to flee with him before dawn—the inhabitants of Gazal had so far lost their initiative that they were helpless, unable to fight or flee—like men hypnotized, which the young Aquilonian believed to be the case. He went to prepare their mounts, and returning, heard Lissa give an awful scream. He rushed into the chamber and found it empty. Sure she had been seized by the monster, he rushed to the tower, ascended a stair, and found himself in an upper chamber in which he found a white man, of strange beauty. Remembering an ancient incantation repeated to him by an old Kushite priest of a rival cult, he repeated it, binding the demon into his human form. A terrific battle then ensued, in which he drove his sword through the being's heart. As it died it screamed horribly for vengeance and was answered by voices from the air. Then it altered in a hideous manner, and Amalric fled in horror. He met Lissa at the foot of the stair. She had been frightened by a glimpse of the creature dragging its human prey through the corridors, and had run away in ungovernable panic and hidden herself. Realizing that her lover had gone to the tower to seek her, she had come to share his fate. He crushed her briefly in his arms, and led her to where he had left their mounts. It was dawn when they rode out of the city, she upon the camel and he upon the horse. Looking back on the sleeping city, in which, there were no animals at all, they saw seven horsemen ride out—black robed men on gaunt black horses—following them. Panic assailed them, for they knew those were no human riders. All day they pushed their steeds mercilessly, westward, toward the distant coast. They found no water, and the horse became exhausted just before sundown. All the while the black figures had followed relentlessly, and as dusk fell they began to close in rapidly. Amalric knew they were ghoulish creatures summoned from the abyss by the death cry of the monster in the tower. As darkness gathered, the pursuers were close upon them. A bat-shaped shadow blotted out the moon, and the fugitives could smell the charnel-house reek of their hunters. Suddenly the camel stumbled and fell, and the fiends closed in. Lissa shrieked. Then there came a drum of hoofs, a gusty voice roared, and the fiends were swept away by the headlong charge of a band of horsemen. The

leader of these dismounted and bent over the exhausted youth and girl, and as the moon came out, he swore in a familiar voice. It was Conan the Cimmerian. Camp was made and the fugitives given food and drink. The Cimmerian's companions were the wild-looking brown men who had attacked him and Amalric. They were the riders of Tombalku, that semi-mythical desert city, whose kings had subjugated the tribes of the southwestern desert and the Negro races of the steppes. Conan told them that he had been knocked senseless and carried to the distant city to be exhibited to the kings of Tombalku. There were always two of these kings, though one was generally merely a figurehead. Carried before the kings, he was doomed to die by torture, and he demanded that liquor be given him, and cursed the kings roundly. At that, one of them woke from his drowse with interest. He was a big fat Negro, while the other was a lean brown-skinned man, named Zehbeh. The Negro stared at Conan, and greeted him by the name of Amra, the Lion. The black man's name was Sakumbe, and he was an adventurer from the West Coast who had been connected with Conan when the latter was a corsair devastating the coast. He had become one of the kings of Tombalku partly because of the support of the Negro population, partly because of the machinations of a fanatical priest, Askia, who had risen to power over Zehbeh's priest, Daura. He had Conan instantly freed, and raised to the high position of general of all the horsemen—incidentally having the present incumbent, one Kordofo, poisoned. In Tombalku were various factions—Zehbeh and the brown priests, Kordofo's kin who hated both Zehbeh and Sakumbe, and Sakumbe and his supporters, of whom the most powerful was Conan himself. All this Conan told Amalric, and the next day they rode on toward Tombalku. Conan had been riding to drive from the land the Ghanata thieves. In three days they reached Tombalku, a strange fantastic city set in the sands of the desert, beside an oasis of many springs. It was a city of many tongues. The dominant caste, the founders of the city, were a warlike brown race, descendants of the Aphaki, a Shemitish tribe which pushed into the desert several hundred years before, and mixed with the Negro races. The subject tribes included the Tibu, a desert race, of mixed Negro and Stygian blood; and the Bagirmi, Mandingo, Dangola, Bornu, and other Negro tribes of the grasslands to the north. They arrived in Tombalku in time to witness the horrible execution of Daura, the Aphaki priest, by Askia. The Aphaki were enraged, but helpless against the determined stand of their black subjects to whom they had taught the arts of war. Sakumbe, once a man of remarkable courage, vitality and statescraft, had degenerated into a mountainous mass of fat, caring for nothing except women and wine. Conan played dice with him, got drunk with him, and suggested that they eliminate Zehbeh, and in the bloody civil war that followed, the Aphaki were defeated, and Zehbeh fled the city with his riders. Conan took his seat beside Sakumbe, but strive as he would, he found the Negro the real ruler of the city, because of his ascendancy over the black races. Meanwhile, Askia had been suspicious of Amalric, and he finally denounced him as the slayer of the god worshipped by the cult of which he was a priest, and demanded that he and the girl be given to the torture. Conan refused, and Sakumbe, completely dominated by the Cimmerian, backed him up. Then Askia turned on Sakumbe and destroyed him by means of an awful magic. Conan, realizing that with Sakumbe slain, the blacks would rend him and his friends, shouted to Amalric, and cut a way through the bewildered warriors. As the companions strove to reach the outer walls, Zehbeh and his Aphaki attacked the city, and in a wild holocaust of blood and flame, Tombalku was almost destroyed, and Conan, Amalric and Lissa escaped.

BRAN MAK MORN: A PLAY

By Robert E. Howard

Act I

Scene I

Scene: A high, flat ledge just over a waterfall. Bran Mak Morn is pacing to and fro. Dubthak enters the scene.

Bran: Ah, Dubthak, bring you tidings of Conmac the Red that you come so fast? You seem breathless.

Dubthak: I came in haste to tell you of my news ere it reached your ears garbled by ignorant tongues. As for Conmac, he may be in the midst of the Baltic or sailing up the Thames or in Hades for all I know. My tidings concern him not.

Bran: What, then?

Dubthak: Why, this. You know that five days since, I took a band of three-score warriors to the Forts, thinking to surprise Ingall the Rover in the bay?

Bran: Yes.

Dubthak: Well, either we marched too slow or Ingall got word of our coming or the foul fiend took a hand, for just as we topped Mount Atsa we saw his sail beating out to sea. So there was nothing to do but to turn and march back. But fortune favored us after all, for on our return we surprised a Celtic village and put it to the sword. The loot was scant but we took two-score slaves. As fair youths and maidens as you ever laid eyes upon.

Bran: What of the men?

Dubthak: No men survived the raid except for some that were out hunting and a few that fled.

Bran: Dubthak, these massacres must cease. I have warned you—

Dubthak: A score of times, my chief. But when the torch is lit and the blade bared, only you can restrain the warriors. I could not, even if I so desired, which I do not. I have no love for the Scots or Britons either.

Bran: Well, bring the prisoners before me.

Exit Dubthak

Still murder, fire and rapine. My Picts are wild and impatient of restraint. Some day it may be that they will turn against even me. A hard, thankless task it is to raise the Pict nation out of savagery and bring it back to the civilization of our fathers. Of the Age of Brennus. The Picts are savages. I must make them civilized. They are wolves and I must make them men. Can one man do it? I do it because the welfare of the nation is my sole ambition. Because I know that no barbarian nation can

stand before Rome. But they, like children or wolves, see only that I seek to restrict them in what they think is their lawful rights. Their lawful rights! The right to steal, to burn, to slay! What I seek to accomplish is the work of a century and I strive to accomplish it in one short reign! Suppose I do drag them a little way toward the goal? I will fall in battle and they will back deeper than ever into the pit of barbarism. If my own people do not rise against me. As long as I lead them against the Romans, the Scots, the Britons or the Norse the

BRAN MAK MORN SYNOPSIS

By Robert E. Howard

The story of a forgotten age; of the clash of swords and the barbarians who fought Rome.

The time is between 296 A.D. and 300 A.D. The augusti are Maximian and Diocletian. They have appointed co-rulers of somewhat less power but with the dignity of Caesars—Galerius and Constantius.

Salient points: in Britain the rule of the usurper Carausius, former Count of the Saxon Shore, later emperor of Britain (and Gaul?) by virtue of the Roman-British legions, has just come to an end. Allectus, former secretary of the usurper has murdered him in York (British appellation) and calls himself emperor of Britain.

Constantius, endeared to the Britons because of his British wife, Helena, a Celtic princess, with Galerius, is gathering forces on the Gallic coast for an invasion. Note: Constantius divorced Helena in order to marry the daughter of Maximian but he has made a secret pact with his British friends—that his and Helena's son, Constantine, shall succeed him, despite any later heirs.

The commander of the Wall, an old soldier of Carausius, hates Allectus and is preparing to march upon him from the rear with the greater part of his cohorts. Allectus has been intriguing with many leaders, Roman and barbarian. He aspires to the title of augustus of the Roman empire, as Severus did.

The Goths and Vandals and Franks massed along the Rhine await his word to cross the border and carry the sword to the walls of Rome. But they will not move so long as the two Caesars with their united armies lie east of the channel. These barbarians have sworn allegiance to Allectus and he has promised them rich lands south of the Rhine. But he plays a perilous game. He believes he can defeat the Caesars unless the Commander of the Wall attacks him from the North. This is his plot: to hold the legions in play on the Wall while he presents an unbroken front to the Caesars. As soon as they sail from Gaul his spies will carry the word to his Teutonic allies. When he has broken the Caesars he will sail to Gaul and complete the work they have begun.

To hold the legions on the Wall he has plotted with Bran Mak Morn, chief of the Cruithni Picts, and with a band of desperate Northmen. These Northmen have beached their galleys in a northern bay and lie in wait for the word to attack. But they despise their Pictish allies and insult the Pictish king, killing his sweetheart. He sends a false courier to them bidding them attack, and ambushing them in a morass, wipes them out. So the Commander, unknowing, marches from the Wall and falls on Allectus' forces just as Constantius, sailing unbeknownst in a fog, attacks from the sea-shore. Allectus is killed and the empire is saved.

Love interest: a young British soldier and a British-Roman girl. Dominating figures: Constantius, the Commander, Bran Mak Morn. The story really revolves about the Pictish king.

The story opens with a brief prologue. Then the action begins with a fight on the Wall, led by Bran Mak Morn on one side and the Commander on the other. The story shifts between the heather north of the Wall, and the sea-shore where Allectus awaited attack. Conditions in Gaul and Rome are told by conversations between spies and soldiers.

THE DIABLOS TRAIL

By Robert E. Howard

Fort Sumner, New Mexico
October 1, 1875

Mr. Wilyum Westphall Esq.,
Lazy Fishhook Ranch,
Carrizo County, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Well, Wilyum, I hope you will be glad to hear I am here hale and hearty in Fort Sumner, New Mex. You will probably say what the hell is he doing in Fort Sumner, New Mex. when I started him for Dodge City, Kansas, with my 1500 head of cattle. But I'll explain it if you'll try to have a little patience and control yore arful temper Wilyum. Everything I done was in yore best interests, but I'll probably have trouble convincing you of it, yo're such a bull-headed old hyener. I bet yo're having one of yore fits right now and scaring everybody on the ranch into the aggers. Why you cain't be ca'm and mild-mannered like me I dunno, but you might as well cool off, because I ain't going to be tromped on by you nor nobody else, and before you try to ride a Big Sandy over me you better reflect on what happened the last time you tried that. You know that time down on the Nueces when Doc Kirby had to put seventeen stitches in yore carcass Wilyum.

Anyway, I'm going to tell you jest how it was and you'll see I was right in everything I done, and if you don't see it, you better refrain from any criticism because I have went through with enough as it is.

Well, we made good time after we got north of San Antonio. Only some feller in a saloon there somehow got afoul of my bowie knife after criticizing my political convictions. Seems like he was some kind of a special perliceman or something, and they wanted to fine me ten dollars so as to pay for having him sewed up. I told the jedge to send the bill to you, Wilyum, and I hope you didn't bust a blood-vessel when you got it. You wouldn't want yore foreman langrishing in jail, would you?

Well, we kept them steers rolling north in great style after we got 'em over the Balcony Breaks, but I seen I was going to have trouble with that trail boss you hired agen my better jedgment. I warned you agen it, but as usual you wouldn't listen to no advice. What you want to hire a trail boss for anyhow? Warn't I good enough to haze yore fool cows to Kansas? What if I hadn't never been up the trail before? I reckon I got as much sense as any brasada buckaroo which calls hisself a trail boss any day.

But I restrained my natural feelings towards this varmint and didn't shoot him nor nothing till we approached the Colorado and met Old Badger McGillen. You remember him Wilyum he went over the Santa Fe Trail when Geronimo was wearing whatever Injun kids wears for diapers. Old Badger up and says to me: "Pike, them cows would shore look good to the Injun Agent at Fort Sumner! All them Apaches which has been on the warpath for the last year has come in and agreed to stay on their reservation and the soldiers ain't got nothin' to feed 'em. All the cows in New Mexico has been sent to Kansas, sech as ain't been rustled by the Mex bandits. I bet if you was to take them

cattle to Fort Sumner, they'd fetch anyway \$50 a head—twice what you'll git at Dodge City."

Well, I studied about it, and then I went to that trail boss, Sullivan, and I says: "I've changed our minds about goin' to Dodge City; we're goin' to Fort Sumner."

He then become sourcastic and ast me if I had lost what little mind I ever had. This irritated me, but I controlled myself and told him we'd make a profit by going to Fort Sumner.

"You let me worry about the profit," says he. "You may be some pertaters on the Fishhook range, but I'm trail boss here, and you don't rate no higher on this drive than any ordinary p'int man."

"Lissen here, you," I says, "I'm still foreman at the Lazy Fishhook, and I aim to take care of old Bill Westphall's interest wherever I be. We're headin' for Fort Sumner, and if you don't like it, they ain't no ropes onto you. Furthermore I wants you to know that I ain't to be high-handed by no flop-eared bresh country hyener, neither."

That's all I says, but he was one of these here fiery, high-tempered cusses. Could I help it if he had flop ears? It warn't my fault. He needn't have pulled a gun on me, on account of it. I reckon he come back to Carrizo County and told a lot of lies on me, but don't you believe none of 'em. I acted like a perfect gent all the way through, and could jest as easy of shot him through the gizzard as the arm. But some folks ain't got no gratitude, so he got mad and headed for home as soon as we'd sot his arm for him.

I then assembled the crew and told 'em I was taking over the trail boss' job, and that we was going to Fort Sumner.

"I don't want to be arbitrary about this," I says, drawing my six-shooters. "We're all free and equal and you all got rights to say what you please. So speak out yore mind, and I'll shoot the first \$%*! that disagrees with me about anything."

So they all said unanimous that we'd go to Fort Sumner. Some of 'em wanted to cast around and try to find the Goodnight-Loving Trail, but I told 'em I warn't sech a infernal sissy I had to foller a trail somebody else had laid out. I knowed New Mexico was somewheres west of us, and if we kept moving in that direction we'd eventually hit her. That's what I told the boys, but they didn't seem happy. I never seen sech a nervous set of cowhands, especially after we missed our bearings a little, about four days later, and kind of wandered around a week or so before we headed right again. You'd of thought from the way they bellyached it was the first time a herd-drive ever got lost before as I told 'em sourcastic. So long as they was water and grass for the steers, I dunno what they was worried about.

I'll admit they was some dry stretches here and there, and they didn't seem to be nobody in the country we was going through, which was a purty wild looking scope. But we got through all right, and finally we come into a country which had some settlers in it. We passed some cabins in the aidge of the hills, and the folks looked as surprised as heck to see us. They said nobody hadn't never drove no cattle from the east acrost the desert before, though they was a trail up from Old Mexico which follered a creek bed up from the south. We hit this and started follering it, but purty soon the trail left the creek and started swinging away west around a range of timbered hills, and about this time we come to a town called Arguelles. It warn't much of a town, jest a saloon which was also connected with a wagon yard and a general store.

I rode into town and had a drink at the bar, and I ast the bar-keep why the trail to the north circled the hills. It looked like a

arful dry drive to me. Says he: "If yo're drivin' cows north I advises you to likewise circle the Diablos."

"Why?" I ast, and he said: "Well, I'll speak freely to you, as a stranger. They is some folks lives in the Diablos which toils not, neither does they spin. They cain't raise crops up there, and they're too triflin' to raise cows, but they ain't never short of hard money—" At that moment he turnt pale and started scouring the bar with a beer mug which he evidently thought was a polishing rag. I looked around and seen a pot-bellied gent with a red mustash and a cole eye jest coming in.

"Allow me to interjuice myself," says he, with a deadly glance at the barkeep. "I am Erasmus Hickby, mayor of Diablo City. I hear you aims to drive a herd of steers through the Diablos. Sech a herd does lots of damage to the growin' crops."

"I hear tell they ain't no crops in the Diablos," I says.

"That's beside the p'int," says he. "If they was any there the steers'd rooin 'em. In the name of the citizenry and municipality of Diablo City, I levies a slight tax on them cows which you pays now—about a dollar a head."

"Why, you blasted blackmailin' coyote!" says I in jest wrath. "Even if I had the dough I wouldn't give you a penny!"

"All right!" says he in a passion. "All right, you Pecos River lobo! You jest try to come through the Diablos! We won't leave you one dang cow! How you like that, hey?" he remarked, making a impulsive swipe at me with a bowie he drewed out of his boot.

"Very little," I retorts, shattering a decanter over his head. He fell on the floor and lald there twitching slightly and bleeding freely till I gathered him up and throwed him out into the street.

The bartender shivered like a man with the aggers.

"He'll kill you for this," shudders he, drinking a snort of his own licker, which showed how upst he was.

"You'd better get out of town as quick as you can," says he. "They won't forgit this. Take the road that swings west and travel! Them folks up there is jest cussed outlaws. Nobody knows where 'Diablo City' is. It's jest a hangout for criminals which has been run out of every other place. Jupe Haekston's the boss of 'em. Hickby there is his right-hand devil. What you goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to have me another dram," I says, reching for the bottle. "Then I'm takin' my cows north by the straightest route. I'm sick of dry drives. I'm goin' through the Diablos."

"Yo're crazy!" he says, and he calls: "Hey, Belt!"

A man with a broom come into the saloon from the store, and I looked at him and says: "You ain't the kind of a man I'd expect to see jumpin' counters."

He stuck out his left hand; a bullet had smashed it and it was all gnarled and twisted.

"Could I make a hand with a meat-hook like that?" says he bitterly. "I had me a little spread down on the Border and driv a thousand steers north last spring. I tried to take 'em through the Diablos. Them outlaws up there stampeded 'em and got away with the last hoof. They shot my men up or run 'em off and they shot my hand thisaway. They taken everything I had, even my saddle-pony. I ain't even got a hoss or money enough to git back to my home range. Joe here lets me work around the store for my board."

"I'll let you have a hoss," I says. "Come on with me to Fort Sumner. You'll find somethin' to do there and git a fresh start."

But he shaken his head. "Much obleeged, but if I showed my head in the Diablos somebody'd shoot it off. And if you try to go

through there they'll get you same as they did me."

"Well, I'm a-goin' through," I says with wrath. "A Bearfield fears neither man, beast nor outlaw, and I'm sick of hearin' them pore steers bawl for water on the dry drags. I'll be seein' you."

Well, I went out and piled on my hoss Satanta and headed for camp. I noticed that buzzard Hickby had dragged hisself away, and they was a fog of dust down the road towards the Diablos.

We'd camped on a little creek outside the aidge of town, and I told the boys that I was going to scout ahead of the herd. I told 'em to hold the steers till morning, and then come on slow, and I'd meet up with 'em somewheres on the trail, having cleared away any obstructions which might be there. I also told the boys to be ready for anything, although I didn't anticipate no trouble for them, with me ahead of 'em. Still, I believe in being prepared. This cheered 'em up considerable. After all that wandering around in a desert with nothing but horned toads to shoot at, they was plumb wolfish for a wring with their feller humans. But I told 'em business before pleasure, and headed for the Diablos.

Well, I was soon out of sight of Arguelles, and follering a plain trail up through the mountains. I hadn't went more'n three mile when all of a sudden I seen a gal setting by the side of the trail crying. No Bearfield ever passed by beauty in distress. I pulled up and taken off my Stetson whilst hitching my guns for'ard with the other hand and says: "What skunk has caused you them tears, miss? P'int him out whilst I salivates him permanent."

She looked up at me with a purty, tear-stained face, and says she: "Oh, sir, you beholds in me a pore helpless female without friends or support! My name is Sue Covington. My pore misguided brother has fell amongst evil companions and is wastin' our substance in riotous livin'. Right now he's soppin' up lickin' in a old hut up the trail, waitin' for some of them human vultures to come and take his money away at draw poker—and them with their boot tops stuffed full of extra aces and full houses. But the pore critter cain't see it, and he won't lissen to me. I don't dast to go argy with him no more!" She then wrung her hands and all at onst she caught holt of my sleeve and looked up into my face with her big, pleading eyes. "Oh, kind stranger," says she, "won't you go talk to him? Yo're a man and maybe he'll listen to you!"

"I will!" I says, tetches deeply. "Moreover I'll bring him back to you if I have to bust him behind the ear with a pistol butt. Where-at is he?"

"Foller the road till it forks," says she. "Then take the left branch. It winds through thick bresh till it gits to the cabin. When you git right in front of the cabin, stop and hail him—his name's Jefferson—and wait till he opens the door, which he will!"

"I'll do it!" I said.

"I'll be waitin' here for you!" says she with a ravishing smile, and I rode on in a kind of glowing haze. There ain't nothing to it, Wilyum, they is something about a Bearfield which attracts the fair sexes, and I don't want to hear none of yore dern sourcasm neither.

Well, I rode on for about a mile, looking for the forks of the trail. It was purty breshy along there, and all to onst I seen a bridle laying at the aidge of [the] trail. It was a fancy Mexican carved one, and looked like it was brand new. I wondered how come anybody to lose it there.

I clumb offa Satanta and bent down and ducked under the tangle of bresh till I could rech it, and started to pick it up. It seemed to be stuck to something and jest then I seen it was tied with a rope

which run back and up into the bresh. Jest as I seen this I received a most amazing lick on the back of the head, which I instantly realized was caused by a big log falling on me. It was so unexpected it knocked me offa my feet, and kinda addled me. Whilst I was laying there gathering my wits, I heard voices which orated as follers: "Come on out. It's got him. I see his laigs stickin' out from under the bresh."

Then somebody said in a voice which sounded familiar: "I knowed that'd fetch him. No man would ride past a new bridle without stoppin'. I told Jupe Hawkston we wouldn't need to use his scheme."

"No," says another'n, "he's finished. That log must of smashed his skull like a aig. It war the slickest bear-trap I ever rigged up. Come on and le's haul him out and see what he's got in his pockets."

I then felt hands laying holt of my laigs and they started pulling me out of the bresh, grunting and cussing because I was so heavy.

"I guess I'll jest—" one of 'em was saying when I jerked loose and rolled over and sot up and glared at 'em. It was that coyote Erasmus Hickby and two other yaps, one tall and one short.

Erasmus give a howl of amazement and recoiled.

"He's alive!" he hollered. "Look out!"

Because at that moment I riz up and started committing mayhem on them three scoundrels. In about a minute they was down and I taken 'em by the heels and dragged 'em into the thicket and left 'em. I knowed it would be some time before they come to, and probably days before their conversation would be sensible. A Bearfield is a hurricane when roused.

* * * * *

WOLFSDUNG

By Robert E. Howard

1.

Fear? Nom d'un nom! Name of a pig! By hokey, you bastards know nothing about fear! Reef in your shirt-tails and listen to me, me bold boys, and I'll spill you a tale wottal knock you off your props, see?

Go back with me, then into the days of the dim and whorey past, when I, a dashing youth of forty-three summers, leaped onto the wharf of Damn Vicente and beating the boatman out of his fare, tripped lightsomely up to the great castle. A strange man, Damn Vicente—he thought Greta Garbo was a Scandinavian though we told him she was a Swede.

A great feast was in progress and various people were there. It was a peculiarity about the Vicente castle that when there was a crowd there, almost invariably several people would be present. Then de Montour arose and proposed a toast: "To Solomon Goldberg of County Kildare!" A strange man, de Montour—he kept his hands out of sight under the table most of the time. The girls sitting next to him must have been joking about him for they kept starting and squealing every now and then.

My friend Luigi was there with his sister drunk. I do not mean with his sister drunk; what I mean is, he was drunk and so was his sister. I whispered to her: "You be sure and leave your door unlocked tonight."

"You men are so strong," said she. "What can a weak girl do, anyhow?"

2.

I was having my daky slave comb my hair. He had preferred to wait upon me. I wondered why. Later I found that all the others were perverts—and he was a modest youth. A scream resounded through the castle. We all rushed in the opposite direction, but becoming confused by the various rooms and corridors, all met in the room of Luigi's sister. There de Montour scowled at me, "I told you to lock your door on the outside when you retired," he hissed murderously.

"Somebody came in my room," said Luigi's sister, "and handled me rough, what I mean, see; he ruffled my clothes something fierce."

"Nothing else?" asked Damn Vicente with a wink.

"That's all."

"Come on, kid, you're holding out on us," said one of the girls, nudging her.

"Go set ona tack," responded the girl, giving her a fast kick in the slats. "I'm a lady, I am."

"Why didn't you yell when he first came in?" I asked.

"I thought it was you," she answered thoughtlessly. Luigi gave me a venomous look. Monsieur, in those days I feared no one. I returned his stare boldly from behind my barred and bolted door.

"Ah, you are the bird my sister has been lending my money to, eh?" said he. "Signor, come out and fight, you yellow tramp!"

"Monsieur," I replied, "no living man can order me about. I won't do it!"

He slunk away crestfallen. The German came in shouting that somebody had torn out the seat of his trousers in a dark corridor.

3.

The man de Montour came in to see me. He looked like a man who had been through the honky-tonks. "Monsieur," said he, "I have a confession! I attacked the girl last night!"

"Then it was you—" I stopped.

"Yes, I tore out the seat of the German's trousers," and he hid his face and swiped a cigar. "This is the way it was," said he, "in the forest of Vill-he-for-eight? I had a battle with a witch and pursued her some distance through that cookoo-haunted woodland, kicking her valiantly in the rear. She then cursed me, and forever after I have been doomed to roaming about the world, tearing out the seats of trousers and bloomers. It is the curse!"

"Last night, though," said I, "you did not do that to the girl, why?"

"Impossible," he said simply. "She is a flapper." Then he started, "Ha, I feel the influence of the curse! Flee!"

From the air about him appeared and materialized a pair of bloomers. Seemingly impelled by a powerful force, he put them on. He then turned to me with a look on his face no more human than Snitz Edwards.

"You can't fool me!" I shouted. "You're Lon Chaney!"

With a baffled snarl he turned and fled.

4.

The Negroes rebelled because Damn Vicente made them wear Boston garters. He was always saying, "Ah, if this was the Nile you'd change your garter-snakes oftener, by hokey." They walked out on a strike. De Montour disappeared along with all the silverware.

Later, going to the South African bush league series, I met de Montour in a hut on the coast.

"Ah, I am glad to see you," he said. "Strange to say, I have rid myself of the curse! I have been living with the natives and my familiar spirit got weary of tearing loincloths. She went to New York to help Washington Irving write the 'Knickerbocker Tails.' She said something about aiding Hecht, too. Yes, I am a free man." And so saying he tore out the seat of my trousers and fled into the darkness with a wild laugh.

"THE VULTURES OF WHAPETON": ALTERNATE ENDING

By Robert E. Howard

But he must stir. There would be prisoners, eager to talk. Their speech would weave a noose about his neck. The men of Whapeton must not find him here when they come.

But before he turned his back forever upon Whapeton Gulch, he had a task to perform. He did not glance again at the gold, gleaming there where the honest people of the camp would find it. Two horses waited, bridled and saddled, among the restless mules tethered under the trees. One was the animal which had borne him into Whapeton. He mounted it and rode slowly toward the cabin where a woman lay beside dead men. He felt vaguely that it was not right to leave her lying there among those shot-torn rogues.

He braced himself against the sight as he entered the cabin of death. Then he started and went livid under his sunburnt hue. Glory was not lying as he had left her! With a low cry he reached her, lifted her in his arms. He felt life, pulsing strongly under his hands.

"Glory! For God's sake!" Her eyes were open, not so glazed now though shadowed by pain and bewilderment. Her arms groped toward him. He lifted and carried her into the back room, laid her on the bunk where Joe Willoughby had received his death wounds. His mind was a whirling turmoil, as he felt with practiced fingers of the darkly-clotted wound at the edge of her golden hair.

"Steve," she whimpered. "I'm afraid! Middleton—"

"He won't hurt you any more. Don't talk. I'm goin' to wash that wound and dress it."

Working fast and skillfully, he washed the blood away with a rag torn from her petticoat—as being the cleanest material he could find—and soaked in water and whisky. Corcoran had just ceased bandaging her head when she struggled upright, despite his profane objections, and caught at his arm.

"Steve!" Her eyes were wide with fear. "You must go—go quick! I was crazy—I told McNab what you told me—told Middleton, too, that's why he shot me. They'll kill you."

"Not them," he muttered. "Do you feel better now?"

"Oh, don't mind me! Go! Please go! Oh, Steve, I must have been mad! I betrayed you! I was coming here to tell you that I had, to warn you to get away, when I met Middleton. Where is he?"

"In Hell, where he ought to have been years ago," grunted Corcoran. "Never mind. But the vigilantes will be headin' this way soon as some of the rats they've caught get to talkin'. I've got to dust out. But I'll take you back to the Golden Garter first."

"Steve, you're mad! You'd run your head into a noose! Get on your horse and ride!"

"Will you go with me?" His hands closed on her, hurting her with unconscious strength.

"You still want me, after—after what I did?" she gasped.

"I've always wanted you, since I first saw you. I always will. Forgive you? There's nothin' to forgive. Nothin' you could have ever done could be anywhere near as black as what I've been for the past month. I've been like a mad-dog; the gold blinded me. I'm awake now. And I want you."

For answer her arms groped about his neck, clung convulsively;

he felt the moisture of her passionate tears on his throat. Lifting her, he carried her out of the cabin, pressing her face against his breast that she might not see the stark figures lying there in their splashes of crimson.

An instant later he was settled in the saddle, holding her before him, cradled like a child in his muscular arms. He had wrapped his coat about her, and the pale oval of her face stared up at his like a white blossom in the night. Her arms still clung to him as if she feared he might be torn from her.

"How the lights blaze over the camp!" she murmured irrelevantly, as they climbed toward the ravine.

"Take a good look," he said, his voice harsh with suppressed and unfamiliar emotions. "It's our old life we're leavin' behind, and I hope we're headin' for a better one. And as a beginnin', we're goin' to get married the first town we hit."

An incoherent murmur was her only reply as she snuggled closer in his arms; behind them the lights of the camp, the distant roar of voices fell away and grew blurred in the distance. But it seemed to Corcoran that they rode in a blaze of glory, that emanated not from moon nor stars, but from his own breast. And perhaps it was his soul, at last awakened.

A COLLECTOR'S CHECKLIST OF HOWARD'S FICTION

(AN UPDATE OF THE JOE MAREK LISTING)

By Robert M. Price

Bibliographical listings are often dull affairs, seemingly compiled only that the entries may be assembled like delegates for a convention, perhaps a convention where nothing is really accomplished. But the bibliographies of Robert E. Howard's works have gotten a workout: Howard fans have avidly used and reused them to track down this or that stray item that had eluded them. Two such listings have appeared before. The first was Glenn Lord's "bio-bibliography" The Last Celt (1976). Then some years later Joe Marek reorganized and updated this listing in an issue of his mimeographed One More Barbarian (#30, November 1982), a publication for the Robert E. Howard United Press Association. The present checklist is essentially an updating of Marek's list. This task has been undertaken for two reasons. First, the original was circulated much too narrowly. Second, many more Howard stories have appeared in the few years since Marek's listing was compiled. The update has certainly not been done to supply some deficiency in Marek's work. Indeed it is the very excellence of Marek's listing that demands that it be kept current and available to today's Howard fandom.

A few words about format: I have pretty much followed Marek's splendid plan of grouping stories according to basic genre, and within that, by their lead characters and (where appropriate) the characters in order of historical chronology (rather than, say, the order in which Howard created them, since the latter is sometimes conjectural and is not as readily known by readers; the goal here is utility for reference). Stories will be listed by Howard's own title if this was not used in publication, though the published title is included in parentheses. A title in parentheses that is preceded by "as" is a retitling by an editor. A title preceded by "or" is an alternate title by Howard himself.

As for the location of the stories, I have ignored the original pulp appearance and fanzine appearances if the stories have since been collected in book form, unless the book, fanzine, and pulp appearances are equally scarce! If a story is readily available in two locations, both are listed.

In the case of some tales which are scheduled for publication in the near future, these planned appearances are listed as in the projected volumes so as to make this list comprehensive in the future as well as the present. Since Cryptic Publications will be publishing most of these stories, we do not want to make our own list obsolete; conversely this factor puts us in the ideal position to compile this list. (In case you cannot wait, I have listed the original publication of pulp stories we have not yet reprinted.)

To aid the Howard collector for whose benefit this listing is after all compiled, I have included publisher data (sometimes addresses—see the end of the listing). I use these abbreviations: GH = George Hamilton; DMG = Donald M. Grant; CP = Cryptic Publications; DC = Dark Carneval; NP = Necronomicon Press. If a book has been reprinted by a new publisher but is still readily available secondhand in its original appearance from another publisher, both (or all) are

listed.

As in the Marek listing, poems are listed only if they are related to the stories in one of the categories, but in general this checklist does not include Howard's verse. Perhaps someone else will undertake that task.

Both Lord's and Marek's lists included titles, word counts, and opening words of Howard's unpublished stories and fragments. The present checklist does not include this information, partly because most of the substantial material has been or will be published by Cryptic Publications. What remains is mostly deservedly unfinished scraps.

Though the goal of this checklist is to facilitate the work of the Howard collector, readers will see that they have their work cut out for them! It will take some effort to complete your scavenger hunt. In case you are tempted to take a shortcut, allow us regretfully to serve notice that we at Cromlech do not have the leisure to photocopy any of these materials for you. Please do not ask us to.

Finally, I wish to thank Glenn Lord and Joe Marek for their pioneering efforts on which I am dependent. I have slightly reshuffled both categories and stories from Marek's list. Most sections are followed by explanatory notes; much of the data for these is derived from Lord and Marek, but some is from my own research and may be new to the reader.

1. Fantasy Adventure

KING KULL

"Exile of Atlantis" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Kull</u> (Bantam; DMG) <u>King Kull</u> (Lancer)
"The Shadow Kingdom"	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u> ; <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther)
"Delcardes' Cat" (or "The Cat and the Skull")	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
"The Screaming Skull of Silence" (as "The Skull of Silence")	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
(omitted verse heading appears in "Riders Beyond the Sunrise" (unfinished))	<u>The Last Celt</u> (DMG; Berkley))
"Riders Beyond the Sunrise" (unfinished)	<u>Kull</u>
"The Black City" (unfinished)	<u>Kull</u>
"The Altar and the Scorpion"	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
"By This Axe I Rule!"	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
"Wizard and Warrior" (unfinished)	<u>Kull</u>
"Swords of the Purple Kingdom"	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
"Kings of the Night"	<u>Bran Mak Morn</u> (Dell); <u>Worms of the Earth</u> (DMG; Zebra; Ace)
"The King and the Oak" (poem)	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u>
"The Striking of the Gong"	<u>Kull</u>
"The Mirrors of Tuzun Thune"	<u>Kull</u> ; <u>King Kull</u> ; <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther)
"The Curse of the Golden Skull"	<u>The Book of Robert E. Howard</u> (Zebra; Berkley); <u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u> (Ace); <u>The Howard Collector</u> (Ace)

Note: Lin Carter edited and completed "Riders Beyond the Sunrise," "Wizard and Warrior," and "The Black City," retitling the last one "The Black Abyss." These posthumous collaborations appear in King

Kull (Lancer), and the first also appears in Lin Carter, Lost Worlds (DAW Books). In the first, Carter's prose begins with the paragraph "Safety!," Kull grunted" (Lancer, p. 13) and ends with the paragraph "A feral light" (p. 114) and begins again with "Then come, king" (p. 131). In the second, Carter begins with "It was the Sungara." In the third, Carter begins with Chapter 3.

CONAN THE CIMMERIAN

"Cimmeria" (poem)	De Camp, et al., <u>Dark Valley</u> <u>Destiny</u> , pp. 51-52 (complete); <u>Echoes From an Iron Harp</u> (DMG) (minus last stanza)
"The Frost Giant's Daughter"	<u>Rogues in the House</u> (DMG); <u>Conan of Cimmeria</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Gods of the North"	<u>The Illustrated Gods of the North</u> (NP)
"The Tower of the Elephant"	<u>The Tower of the Elephant</u> (DMG; Grosset & Dunlap Ppbk); <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther); <u>Conan</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The God in the Bowl"	<u>The Tower of the Elephant</u> (DMG; Grosset and Dunlap Ppbk); <u>Conan</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Rogues in the House"	<u>Rogues in the House</u> (DMG); <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther); <u>Conan</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Hall of the Dead" (synopsis) (titled by de Camp)	<u>The Last Celt</u>
"The Hand of Nergal" (unfinished) (titled by Carter)	<u>The Last Celt</u>
"Queen of the Black Coast"	<u>Queen of the Black Coast</u> (DMG); <u>Conan the Adventurer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Vale of Lost Women"	<u>Queen of the Black Coast</u> (DMG); <u>Conan of Cimmeria</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Snout in the Dark" (unfinished)	<u>Jewels of Gwahlur</u> (DMG)
"The Snout in the Dark" (synopsis)	<u>Cromlech 3</u>
"Xuthal of the Dusk" (as "The Slithering Shadow")	<u>The Slithering Shadow</u> (DMG); <u>Conan the Adventurer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Black Colossus"	<u>Black Colossus</u> (DMG); <u>Conan the Freebooter</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Man-Eaters of Zamboula" (as "Shadows in Zamboula")	<u>The Devil in Iron</u> (DMG; Grosset & Dunlap Ppbk); <u>Red Nails</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Wanderer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Iron Shadows in the Moon" (as "Shadows in the Moonlight")	<u>Black Colossus</u> (DMG); <u>Conan the Freebooter</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Devil in Iron"	<u>The Devil in Iron</u> (DMG; Grosset & Dunlap Ppbk); <u>People of the Black Circle</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Wanderer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The People of the Black Circle"	<u>The People of the Black Circle</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Adventurer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"A Witch Shall Be Born"	<u>A Witch Shall Be Born</u> (DMG); <u>People of the Black Circle</u> (Berk-

	ley); <u>Conan the Freebooter</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Pool of the Black One"	<u>The Robert E. Howard Omnibus</u> (Futura/Orbit, UK); <u>The Pool of the Black One</u> (DMG); <u>Conan the Adventurer</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Red Nails"	<u>Red Nails</u> (DMG); <u>Red Nails</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Warrior</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Drums of Tombalku" (unfinished)	<u>The Pool of the Black One</u> (DMG)
"Drums of Tombalku" (synopsis)	<u>Cromlech 3</u>
"Jewels of Gwahlur"	<u>Jewels of Gwahlur</u> (DMG); <u>People of the Black Circle</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Warrior</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"Beyond the Black River"	<u>Red Nails</u> (Berkley); Adams, Greenberg, Waugh (eds.), <u>Barbarians</u> (Signet); <u>Conan the Warrior</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Black Stranger"	<u>Echoes of Valor</u> (TOR Books)
"Wolves Beyond the Border" (unfinished)	<u>Conan the Usurper</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Phoenix on the Sword"	<u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther); <u>Conan the Usurper</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Scarlet Citadel"	<u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther); <u>Conan the Usurper</u> (Lancer; Ace)
<u>The Hour of the Dragon</u>	<u>The Hour of the Dragon</u> (Berkley); <u>Conan the Conqueror</u> (Lancer; Ace)
"The Hyborian Age" (essay)	<u>Red Nails</u> (Berkley); serialized in <u>Conan and Conan the Avenger</u> (Lancer; Ace)

Note: All stories as they appear in the Lancer/Ace editions have been edited by L. Sprague de Camp. Other sources use the Weird Tales text with no further editing. "The Hall of the Dead," "The Hand of Nergal," "The Snout in the Dark," "Drums of Tombalku," and "Wolves Beyond the Border" as they appear in the Lancer/Ace editions are posthumous collaborations by de Camp and/or Lin Carter. "Drums of Tombalku" appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan the Adventurer, and "The Snout in the Dark" appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan of Cimmeria. Howard's original "The Hall of the Dead" (de Camp's title) is only a synopsis, included in The Last Celt; de Camp's version appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan. "The Hand of Nergal" (Carter's title) is a brief fragment; Carter's version appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan and in Carter, Beyond the Gates of Dream (Belmont). The original "Snout in the Dark" fragment (de Camp's title) covers up to Chapter 5 of the story as it appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan of Cimmeria; de Camp continued it based on the synopsis found in Cromlech 3. "Drums of Tombalku" (de Camp's title) is Howard's up to page 170, "You saved our lives"; the synopsis for the rest is found in Cromlech 3. "Wolves Beyond the Border" is Howard's up to page 145, "We lay close . . ."

"The Black Stranger" first appeared as Howard wrote it in Echoes of Valor, 1987. In 1952 de Camp extensively rewrote and condensed the story as "The Treasure of Tranicos" and submitted it to Fantasy Magazine. Editor Lester del Rey restored Howard's title but added four paragraphs at the opening (from "Count Valenso" to "writhing again") and published the tale in 1953. The Gnome Press King Conan

(also 1953) used this de Camp-Del Rey recension but restored de Camp's title. Years later de Camp rewrote it again for inclusion in the Lancer/Ace Conan the Usurper, this time restoring the portions he had condensed, but keeping his plot and character changes and some name changes and excising Del Rey's additions. This version also bore the title "The Treasure of Trancos" and appeared in Conan the Usurper and Ace's illustrated The Treasure of Trancos. (All this information comes from de Camp, "The Trail of Trancos" in The Spell of Conan [Ace] or The Conan Reader [DMG] or The Treasure of Trancos [Ace].) Ironically, with the publication of Howard's original "The Black Stranger," de Camp's initial rewrite in its unedited form becomes the rarest, never-published version!

"The Haunter of the Ring" (see below: "Conrad and Kirowan" list) involves the ring of Thoth-Amon from "The Phoenix on the Sword." "The Phoenix on the Sword" is Howard's rewrite of the Kull tale "By This Axe I Rule!" "Gods of the North" is Howard's retouched version of "Frost Giant's Daughter." Weird Tales rejected the latter, so Howard gave it to The Fantasy Fan, but changed the hero's name from Conan to Amra, because he felt it imprudent to give away a Conan tale when most were being bought by Weird Tales.

BRAN MAK MORN

"The Lost Race"*

"Men of the Shadows"

Untitled ("A gray sky arched . . .")

"Worms of the Earth"

"Kings of the Night"

"A Song of the Race" (poem)
(titled by Glenn Lord)

"The Dark Man"

"The Children of the Night"

"The Little People"*

"The Drums of Pictdom"* (poem)

"Bran Mak Morn: A Play" (fragment)

Untitled Synopsis

Bran Mak Morn (Dell); Worms of the Earth (DMG; Zebra; Ace)
Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth
Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth
Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth; Skull-Face; Cthulhu (Baen)
Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth; Skull-Face
Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth
Worms of the Earth; The Dark Man (Arkham; Lancer)
Pigeons from Hell (Zebra); The Dark Man (Arkham; Lancer)
Coven 13, January 1970
Worms of the Earth
Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others (CP); Cromlech 3
Cromlech 3

Note: In "The Dark Man" and "Children of the Night," Bran appears only as an ancient god, i.e., the same hero later deified. Some of the others involve the Picts but not Bran himself (marked with an asterisk).

CORMAC MAC ART

"Tigers of the Sea"

"Swords of the Northern Sea"

"The Night of the Wolf"

"The Temple of Abomination"

Tigers of the Sea (DMG; Zebra; Ace)
Tigers of the Sea; Bran Mak Morn
Tigers of the Sea
Tigers of the Sea

Note: "Tigers of the Sea" is a fragment completed by Richard L. Tierney, who supplied the last 5,200 words. "The Temple of Abomi-

nation" is another posthumous collaboration by Tierney; Howard's portion ends on page 209 (Zebra) in the second paragraph, "Cormac smiled fiercely." Tierney's begins: "For the moment . . ."

TURLOUGH DUBH O'BRIEN

"Spears of Clontarf"	<u>Spears of Clontarf</u> (GH); <u>Writer of the Dark</u> (DC)
"The Grey God Passes"	<u>Marchers of Valhalla</u> (Berkley; not included in hardcover)
Untitled fragment ("The Dane came in . . .")	REH: <u>Two-Gun Raconteur 4</u> ; <u>The Shadow of the Hun</u> (GH)
"The Dark Man"	<u>Worms of the Earth</u> ; <u>The Dark Man</u>
"The Gods of Bal-Sagoth"	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u> (Ace); <u>The Dark Man</u> ; <u>Pigeons from Hell</u> ; <u>The Second Avon Fantasy Reader</u> (ppbk)
"The Shadow of the Hun"	<u>The Sword Woman</u> (Zebra; Berkley); <u>The Shadow of the Hun</u> (GH)

Note: "Gods of Bal-Sagoth" appears in The Second Avon Fantasy Reader as "The Blonde Goddess of Bal-Sagoth." "Spears of Clontarf" is the original nonsupernatural version of "The Grey God Passes." Howard rewrote it for resubmission.

SOLOMON KANE

"Skulls in the Stars"	<u>The Moon of Skulls</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG); <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther)
"The Right Hand of Doom"	<u>Solomon Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"Solomon Kane" (or "Red Shadows")	<u>Solomon Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"Rattle of Bones"	<u>Solomon Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG); <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther)
"The Castle of the Devil" (unfinished)	<u>Solomon Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"Death's Black Riders" (fragment)	<u>The Howard Collector</u> (Ace)
"The Moon of Skulls"	<u>The Moon of Skulls</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"The One Black Stain" (poem)	<u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"Blades of the Brotherhood" (or "The Blue Flame of Vengeance")	<u>Solomon Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Skulls in the Stars</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)
"The Hills of the Dead"	<u>The Hand of Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>The Hills of the Dead</u> (Bantam); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG); <u>Skull-Face</u> (Arkham; Panther)
"Hawk of Basti" (unfinished) (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>The Hand of Kane</u> (Centaur); <u>Red Shadows</u> (DMG)

- "The Return of Sir Richard Grenville" (titled by Glenn Lord) (poem)
 "Wings in the Night"
 "The Footfalls Within"
 "The Children of Asshur" (unfinished) (titled by Glenn Lord)
 "Solomon Kane's Homecoming" (poem)
 Version One:
 Version Two:
- Solomon Kane (Centaur); The Hills of the Dead (Bantam); Red Shadows (DMG)
 The Hand of Kane (Centaur); The Hills of the Dead (Bantam); Red Shadows (DMG); Skull-Face (Arkham; Panther)
 The Moon of Skulls (Centaur); The Hills of the Dead (Bantam); Red Shadows (DMG)
 The Hand of Kane (Centaur); Red Shadows (DMG)
 Solomon Kane (Centaur); The Hills of the Dead (Bantam); Red Shadows (DMG)
 The Howard Collector (Ace)

Note: Completed versions of "The Castle of the Devil," "Hawk of Basti," and "The Children of Asshur" by Ramsey Campbell appear in Bantam's Skulls in the Stars ("Castle") and The Hills of the Dead ("Hawk" and "Children"). A supernaturalized version of "The Blue Flame of Vengeance" by John Pocsik appears in Derleth (ed.) Over the Edge (Arkham; Victor Gollancz; Arrow). A completed version of "Death's Black Riders" by Fred Blosser appears in Fantasy Book, June 1984. John Silent who appears in "The Castle of the Devil" also appears in the unpublished (non-Kane?) fragment "Redflame."

The story listed here as "Solomon Kane" was retitled at Farnsworth Wright's request, but the new title, "Red Shadows," is probably Howard's, not Wright's.

AGNES DE CHASTILLON

- "Sword Woman"
 "Blades for France" (titled by Glenn Lord)
 "Mistress of Death" (titled by Glenn Lord)
- Sword Woman (Zebra; Berkley; Ace)
Sword Woman
Sword Woman

Note: "Mistress of Death" is unfinished. Gerald W. Page titled and completed it according to Howard's synopsis. Page's prose starts with the paragraph "Stuart led the way . . ."

CORMAC FITZGEOFFREY

- "Hawks of Outremer"
 "The Blood of Belshazzar"
 "The Slave Princess"
 "The Sowers of the Thunder"
- Hawks of Outremer (DMG)
Hawks of Outremer (DMG)
Hawks of Outremer (DMG)
The Sowers of the Thunder (DMG; Zebra; Ace)

Note: Cormac is only mentioned in "Sowers." The first six chapters of "The Slave Princess" are Howard's; the last two are by Richard L. Tierney.

TERENCE VULMEA

- "Black Vulmea's Vengeance"
 "Swords of the Brotherhood"
- Black Vulmea's Vengeance (DMG; Zebra; Ace)
Black Vulmea's Vengeance

Note: "Swords of the Brotherhood" is Howard's desupernaturalized rewriting of "The Black Stranger," with other appropriate changes to

adjust it to the later historical period. Again, see de Camp's article "The Trail of Trancos."

KIRBY O'DONNELL

"Gold from Tartary" (or "The Treasures of Tartary")	<u>The Swords of Shahrazar</u> (FAX; Berkley; Ace)
"Swords of Shahrazar" (or "The Treasure of Shaiber Khan")	<u>The Swords of Shahrazar</u>
"The Trail of the Blood-Stained God" (or "The Curse of the Crimson God")	<u>The Swords of Shahrazar</u>

Note: "Trail of the Blood-Stained God" was rewritten as a Conan adventure by L. Sprague de Camp and as such appears in Conan of Cimmeria (Lancer; Ace). The titles in parentheses may be working titles.

FRANCIS XAVIER GORDON (EL BORAK)

"The Daughter of Erlik Khan"	<u>The Lost Valley of Iskander</u> (DMG; Zebra; Berkley; Ace)
"Hawk of the Hills"	<u>The Lost Valley of Iskander</u>
"Swords of the Hills" (as "The Lost Valley of Iskander")	<u>The Lost Valley of Iskander</u>
"Blood of the Gods"	<u>Son of the White Wolf</u> (Berkley; Ace)
"Sons of the Hawk" (as "Country of the Knife")	<u>Son of the White Wolf</u>
"Three-Bladed Doom" (long version)	<u>Three-Bladed Doom</u> (Zebra; Ace)
"Three-Bladed Doom" (short version)	REH: <u>Lone-Star Fictioneer 4</u>
"Intrigue in Kurdistan" (unfinished) (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Pulse-Pounding Adventure Stories</u> #1
"The Coming of El Borak" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>The Coming of El Borak</u> (CP)
"Khoda Khan's Tale" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>The Coming of El Borak</u>
"The Iron Terror"	<u>The Coming of El Borak</u>
Untitled fragment ("Gordon, the American . . .")	<u>The Coming of El Borak</u>
"El Borak"	<u>North of Khyber</u> (CP)
"North of Khyber"	<u>North of Khyber</u>
"El Borak"	<u>North of Khyber</u>
"A Power Among the Islands" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>North of Khyber</u>
"The Land of Mystery" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>North of Khyber</u>
"The Shunned Castle" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>North of Khyber</u>

Note: The material in The Coming of El Borak is unfinished juvenilia, as is North of Khyber. The latter collects fragments in which Howard teamed up his heroes El Borak and Steve Allison the Sonora Kid.

L. Sprague de Camp rewrote the long version of "Three-Bladed Doom" into the Conan tale "The Flame Knife" which appears in Conan the Wanderer (Lancer/Ace) and in The Flame Knife (Ace).

The text in the Zebra edition of Three-Bladed Doom is inferior to that in the Ace edition.

LAL SINGH

"The Tale of the Rajah's Ring"	<u>The Adventures of Lal Singh</u> (CP)
"The Further Adventures of Lal Singh"	<u>The Adventures of Lal Singh</u>

"Lal Singh, Oriental Gentleman"The Adventures of Lal Singh**JAMES ALLISON****"Marchers of Valhalla"**Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley)
Fantastic Stories, June 1975**"Akram the Mysterious" (unfinished)**
(as "The Tower of Time")**"The Valley of the Worm"**Wolfshead (Lancer; Bantam);
Cthulhu (Baen); Skull-Face
(Arkham; Panther)**"The Garden of Fear"**Pigeons From Hell (Zebra; Ace)
The Dark Man (Arkham; Lancer)
Weird Tales 3 (Zebra)**"The Guardian of the Idol" (unfinished)****"Brachen the Kelt" (unfinished?)**Sean Richards (ed.), The Barbarian Swordsmen (Star)
Fantasy Crossroads 10/11Untitled ("Long, long ago . . .");
("Genseric's Fifth-Born Son" or
"Ghor, Kin-Slayer")

Note: "The Tower of Time" is Lin Carter's completion of Howard's "Akram the Mysterious," an unfinished 2200 word fragment (titled "Akram the Mysterious" by Glenn Lord). "The Guardian of the Idol" is Gerald W. Page's completion of an unfinished 700 word fragment using Howard's synopsis of the whole story. The title is Glenn Lord's. "Brachen the Kelt" seems to be unfinished, as is "Genseric's Fifth-Born Son." (The latter was used as the beginning of a round robin, never finished, that continued on through Fantasy Crossroads 15, with chapters by Karl Edward Wagner, Joseph Payne Brennan, Richard L. Tierney, Michael Moorcock, Charles R. Saunders, Andrew Offutt, Manly Wade Wellman, Darrell Schweitzer, A. E. van Vogt, Brian Lumley, Frank Belknap Long, Adrian Cole, Ramsey Campbell, and H. Warner Munn, though the Cole, Campbell, and Munn chapters were never published. I don't know if either of the listed titles is Howard's.

"Black Eons" is a completion by Robert M. Price (me) of the "Untitled Fragment" included in The Howard Collector (Ace). It was completed as the conclusion of the James Allison series, but internal evidence indicates it was not intended as part of the series. "Black Eons" is available in Fantasy Book, June 1985.

The name of the hero in "The Marchers of Valhalla" was originally "Niord," but since Howard had also used this name for the Allison pre-incarnation in "The Valley of the Worm," Glenn Lord changed the name to "Hjalmar."

VARIOUS FANTASY ADVENTURES**"The Voice of El-Lil"**The Dark Man (Arkham; Lancer);
Pigeons From Hell (Zebra; Ace);
Cthulhu (Baen)**"Isle of Pirate's Doom"**Black Vulmea's Vengeance**"People of the Dark"**The Dark Man; Cthulhu**"Children of the Night"**The Dark Man**"Delenda Est" (titled by Glenn Lord)**Black Canaan**"The House of Arabu"**Wolfshead (Lancer; Bantam); Avon Fantasy Reader (ppbk)**"Spear and Fang"**The Howard Collector 7; Weird Tales (Summer 1973)**"Black Canaan"**Black Canaan (Berkley); Skull-

"Nekht Semerkeht" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Face (Arkham; Panther)</u> <u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth (Ace);</u> <u>Swords Against Darkness I</u> <u>(Zebra)</u>
"Under the Baobab Tree"	<u>Cross Plains 5</u>
"Spanish Gold on Devil Horse"	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"The Fire of Asshurbanipal" (original, nonsupernatural version)	<u>The Howard Collector 16</u>
"The Tomb of the Dragon"	<u>The Shadow of the Beast (GH)</u>
"The Thunder-Rider" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Marchers of Valhalla</u>
"King of the Forgotten People"	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth (Ace)</u>
Almuric (novel)	<u>Almuric (Ace; Berkley)</u>
"The Isle of the Eons" (unfinished)	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth (Ace)</u>
"Golnor the Ape" (unfinished)	<u>Crypt of Cthulhu 29</u>

Note: "The House of Arabu" appears in the Avon Fantasy Reader as "The Witch From Hell's Kitchen" (!). "The Voice of El-Lil" was reprinted in the magazine Avon Fantasy Reader under the amazing title "Temptress of the Tower of Torture and Sin"! "Nekht Semerkeht" is Andrew Offutt's completion of a 3500 word fragment from Howard's synopsis of the rest.

"Shadow in the Well" is a synopsis (included in Cromlech #2) which is very similar to "Isle of Pirate's Doom."

VARIOUS HISTORICAL ADVENTURES

"Gates of Empire"	<u>The Road of Azrael (DMG; Bantam)</u>
"Two Against Tyre" (originally untitled)	<u>Second Book of Robert E. Howard</u> <u>(Zebra; Berkley)</u>
"Spears of Clontarf"	<u>Spears of Clontarf (GM); Writer of</u> <u>the Dark (DC)</u>
"Hawks Over Egypt"	<u>The Road of Azrael</u>
"The Track of Bohemund"	<u>The Road of Azrael</u>
"The Lion of Tiberias"	<u>The Sowers of the Thunder</u>
Untitled fragment ("The wind from . . .")	<u>The Spell of Conan (Ace)</u>
"Red Blades of Black Cathay"	<u>The Book of Robert E. Howard</u>
"Lord of Samarkand"	<u>The Sowers of the Thunder</u>
"The Shadow of the Vulture"	<u>The Sowers of the Thunder</u>
"The Road of Eagles" (as "The Way of the Sword")	<u>The Road of Azrael</u>
"The King's Service"	<u>The Sword Woman</u>

Note: These stories are listed, following Marek, in probable chronological order.

"Red Blades of Black Cathay" was written by Howard based on research done by Tevis Clyde Smith.

"Hawks Over Egypt" was rewritten as a Conan story ("Hawks Over Shem") by L. Sprague de Camp, in which form it appears in the Lancer/Ace Conan the Freebooter.

"The Road of the Eagles" was initially rewritten as "Conan, Man of Destiny," but this rewrite appeared in Tales of Conan (Gnome Press) and in Conan the Freebooter as "The Road of the Eagles." The original (medieval) story was then retitled "The Way of the Sword" for its appearance in The Road of Azrael.

II. Weird and HorrorCTHULHU MYTHOS TALES

"Arkham" (poem)	<u>Always Comes Evening</u>
"Candles" (poem)	<u>The Ghost Ocean</u> (Gibbelins Gazette Press)
"The Black Stone"	<u>Wolfshead; Skull-Face; Cthulhu</u>
"The Children of the Night"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"The Thing on the Roof"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man; Cthulhu</u>
"The Fire of Asshurbanipal"	<u>Wolfshead; Skull-Face; Cthulhu</u>
"The Door to the Garden" (or "The Door to the World")	<u>Fantasy Crosswinds 2</u>
"The Hoofed Thing" (or "Usurp the Night")	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u>
"Dig Me No Grave" (or "John Grimlan's Debt")	<u>The Dark Man; Cthulhu</u>
"The House" (as "The House in the Oaks")	<u>Dark Things (Arkham); Black Canaan (Berkley)</u>
"The Black Bear Bites"	<u>Swords of Shahrazar (Berkley; Ace editions only; not FAX hardcover)</u>
"The Challenge from Beyond"	<u>Beyond the Wall of Sleep (Arkham); Moskowitz (ed.), Horrors Unknown (Berkley); The Challenge from Beyond (NP)</u>
Untitled fragment ("Beneath the glare. . .")	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"Worms of the Earth"	<u>Bran Mak Morn; Worms of the Earth; Skull-Face; Cthulhu</u>

Note: "The House in the Oaks" is Derleth's completion of Howard's unfinished "The House." Derleth's prose begins with "We had passed through the circling . . ." The bits of poetry (including a slightly different version of "Arkham") in Derleth's portion are, however, by Howard.

Howard's portion of the round-robin "The Challenge From Beyond" begins with "From that final lap," and Frank Belknap Long takes over with "Out of the tent. . ."

CONRAD AND KIROWAN

"The Dwellers Under the Tombs"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"The Haunter of the Ring"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"The Children of the Night"	<u>The Dark Man; Pigeons from Hell</u>
Untitled fragment ("When I lay dying I will remember my first view of Dagon manor . . .") (as "Dagon Manor")	<u>Shudder Stories 4</u>

Note: C. J. Henderson completed the untitled fragment as "Dagon Manor." Henderson begins on page 16 with "Suddenly I was again filled with the dread . . ." The original has nothing to do with the Cthulhu Mythos.

As already noted, "The Haunter of the Ring" involves Thoth-Amon's ring from the Conan tale "The Phoenix on the Sword."

DE MONTOUR

"In the Forest of Villefere"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"Wolfshead"	<u>Wolfshead; Skull-Face (Arkham;</u> <u>Panther)</u>
"Wolfsdung" (satire)	<u>Cromlech 3</u>

THE FARING TOWN SAGA

"Sea Curse"	<u>The Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley</u> <u>edition only)</u>
"Out of the Deep"	<u>The Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley</u> <u>only)</u>
"A Legend of Faring Town" (poem)	<u>Verses in Ebony</u>

THE WEIRD SOUTHWEST

"The Valley of the Lost"	<u>The Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley</u> <u>only)</u>
"Pigeons From Hell"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man;</u> <u>Cthulhu</u>
"For the Love of Barbara Allen"	<u>The Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley</u> <u>only)</u>
"Old Garfield's Heart"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man;</u> <u>Cthulhu</u>
"The Shadow of Doom"	<u>The Howard Collector 8</u>
"The Man on the Ground"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"The Haunted Hut"	<u>Weirdbook 2</u>
"The Shadow of the Beast"	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u>
"The Horror from the Mound"	<u>Wolfshead; Skull-Face</u>
"The Dead Remember"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"A Horror in the Night"	<u>Pay Day (CP)</u>

VARIOUS HORRORS

"Dermod's Bane"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"Serpent Vines"	<u>WT 50 (Weinberg)</u>
"The Hyena"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"People of the Black Coast"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"A Thunder of Trumpets"	<u>Marchers of Valhalla (Berkley only)</u>
"Black Country"	<u>Weirdbook 6; Vic Ghidalia (ed.)</u> <u>Gooseflesh!</u>
"The Cobra in the Dream"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"The Cairn on the Headland"	<u>Wolfshead (Lancer only; omitted</u> <u>from Bantam); Skull-Face</u>
"The Touch of Death"	<u>The Howard Review 1</u>
"The Noseless Horror"	<u>Black Canaan</u>
"Casonetto's Last Song"	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u>
"The Return of the Sorcerer"	<u>A Bicentennial Tribute to Robert E.</u> <u>Howard (GH)</u>
(unfinished)	
"Restless Waters"	<u>The Gods of Bal-Sagoth</u>
"The Dream Snake"	<u>Pigeons From Hell; The Dark Man</u>
"The Fear-Master" (unfinished?)	<u>Crypt of Cthulhu 22</u>
"The Supreme Moment"	<u>Crypt of Cthulhu 25</u>
"The Devil's Woodchopper"	<u>The Grim Land</u>
Untitled fragment ("The night was	<u>Fantasy Crossroads 7</u>
damp, misty, the air . . .")	
"Spectres in the Dark"	<u>Cromlech 1</u>

Note: "The Devil's Woodchopper" was completed by Tevis Clyde Smith. "The Touch of Death" appeared in WT as "The Fearsome Touch of Death"

III. Detective and Weird Menace

STEVE HARRISON

"People of the Serpent"	<u>Phantasy Digest 2</u> ;
"Teeth of Doom"	<u>Writer of the Dark (DC)</u>
"The Lord of the Dead"	<u>Skull-Face (Berkley edition only)</u> ; <u>Lord of the Dead (DMG)</u>
"The Mystery of Tannernoe Lodge" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Lord of the Dead</u>
"Names in the Black Book"	<u>Skull-Face (Berkley only)</u> ; <u>Lord of the Dead</u>
"Graveyard Rats"	<u>Phantasy Digest 1</u> ; <u>Writer of the Dark</u>
"The House of Suspicion"	<u>Second Book of Robert E. Howard</u>
"The Black Moon"	<u>Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others</u>
"The Silver Heel"	<u>Two-Fisted Detective Stories 1</u>
"The Voice of Death"	<u>Two-Fisted Detective Stories 1</u>
Untitled synopsis ("Steve Harrison received a wire . . .")	<u>Two-Fisted Detective Stories 1</u>

Note: "Teeth of Doom" first appeared with the title changed by the editor of Strange Detective Stories to "The Tomb's Secret" and by-lined "Brock Rollins" since Howard had another story in the same issue.

The Skull-Face listed here is a completely different collection from the Arkham/Panther collection referred to in earlier sections.

"The Mystery of Tannernoe Lodge" is Fred Blosser's completion of a 2800 word Howard fragment.

"People of the Serpent" appeared in the pulp Strange Detective Stories as "Fangs of Gold," the editor's title.

BUTCH GORMAN AND BRENT KIRBY

"Sons of Hate"	<u>Two-Fisted Detective Stories 1</u>
"Hand of the Black Goddess"	<u>Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others</u>

Note: Lin Carter extensively rewrote "Hand of the Black Goddess" as "Scarlet Tears" in Weird Tales 1 (Zebra).

STEVE BENDER, WEARY McGRAW and the WHALE

"The Ghost With the Silk Hat"	<u>Writer of the Dark</u>
Untitled ("William Aloysius McGraw's father was red-headed . . .")	<u>Unpublished</u>
"Westward Ho!" (incomplete)	<u>Unpublished</u>
"The Wild Man"	<u>Unpublished</u>

Note: The unpublished material is juvenilia.

OTHER STRANGE DETECTIVE/WEIRD MENACE

"Black Wind Blowing"	<u>The Book of Robert E. Howard</u>
----------------------	-------------------------------------

"Talons in the Dark" (as "Black Talons")
 "Black Hound of Death"

"Devils of Dark Lake"
 "The Hand of Obeah"
 "The Brazen Peacock"

"Guests of the Hoodoo Room"
 "The House of Om" (synopsis)
 "Moon of Zimbabwei"
 "Skull-Face"

"Taverl Manor" (or "The Return of Skull-Face") (titled by Glenn Lord)
 "The Spell of Damballah" (unfinished fragment)

The Book of Robert E. Howard

Peter Haining (ed.) Weird Tales
 (Neville Spearman; Sphere)
 WT 50 (Weinberg)
Crypt of Cthulhu 16
Swords of Shahrazar (Berkley and Ace only)
Shudder Stories 1
Shudder Stories 2
Black Canaan
Skull-Face (Berkley; Arkham; Panther)
Skull-Face (Berkley)

Revelations from Yuggoth 1

Note: "Taverl Manor" is Richard A. Lupoff's completion of an unfinished 8500 word fragment by Howard. "Moon of Zimbabwei" appeared in Weird Tales as "The Grisly Horror." It has nothing to do with the de Camp-Carter Conan pastiche "Red Moon of Zimbabwei" which appears in Conan of Aquilonia (Ace).

IV. Boxing

SAILOR STEVE COSTIGAN

"The Pit of the Serpent" (as "Manila Manslaughter")
 "The Bull Dog Breed" (as "You Got to Kill a Bulldog")

"Sailor's Grudge" (as "Costigan vs. Kid Camera")
 "Fist and Fang" (as "Cannibal Fists")
 "Winner Take All" (as "Sucker")

"Waterfront Fists (as "Stand Up and Slug!")
 "The Champion of the Forecastle" (as "Champ of the Forecastle" and "Champ of the Seven Seas")
 "Alleys of Peril" (as "Leather Lightning")

"Waterfront Law" (as/or "The TNT Punch" or "The Waterfront Wallop")

"Texas Fists" (as "Shanghaied Mitts")
 "The Sign of the Snake"

"The House of Peril" (as "Blow the Chinks Down!")

"The Fightin'est Pair" (as "Breed of Battle" and "Samson Had a Soft Spot")

The Book of Robert E. Howard (Zebra; Berkley)

Fight Stories, Winter 37-38;
Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine 1
Fight Stories, Spring 1938; REH Fight Magazine 1
Fight Stories, Winter 38-39; REH Fight Magazine 1
Fight Stories, Winter 39-40; REH Fight Magazine 1
Fight Stories, Summer 1940; REH Fight Magazine 1
Fight Stories, June-July 1938;
REH Fight Magazine 2

Fight Stories, Winter 1940; REH Fight Magazine 2
The Howard Review 4; REH Fight Magazine 2

Fight Stories, Summer 1939; REH Fight Magazine 2
Chronicle of Cross Plains 1; REH Fight Magazine 2
Action Stories, October 1931; REH Fight Magazine 3
Fight Stories, Spring 1942; REH Fight Magazine 3

"Circus Fists" (as "Slugger Bait")	<u>Fight Stories</u> , Summer 1942; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 3
"One Shanghai Night" (as "Dark Shanghai")	<u>Action Stories</u> , January 1932; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 3
"Vikings of the Gloves" (as "Includin' the Scandinavian!")	<u>Fight Magazine</u> , Fall 1940; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 3
"Night of Battle" (as "Shore Leave for a Slugger")	<u>Fight Stories</u> , Fall 1942; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 3
"The Slugger's Game"	<u>Jack Dempsey's Fight Magazine</u> , May 1934; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 4
"General Ironfist"	<u>Jack Dempsey's Fight Magazine</u> , June 1934; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 4
"Sluggers of the Beach"	<u>Jack Dempsey's Fight Magazine</u> , August 1934; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 4
"Sailor Costigan and the Swami" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>The Howard Reader</u> 1; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 4
"By the Law of the Shark"	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 4
"Flying Knuckles"	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
"Hard-Fisted Sentiment"	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
"The Honor of the Ship" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
"The Battling Sailor" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
"Blue River Blues" (incomplete)	<u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
Untitled ("It was the end . . .") (unfinished)	<u>The Howard Review</u> 2; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5
Untitled ("The night Sailor Steve . . .") (fragment)	<u>The Howard Review</u> 2; <u>REH Fight Magazine</u> 5

Note: These stories are listed, following Marek, in the order of their original publication, though the publication data given do not always reflect this order; rather, they present the most recent publication, sometimes a republication years later in the same magazine.

Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine is scheduled to appear in 1989 from Cryptic Publications.

SAILOR DENNIS DORGAN

"Alleys of Darkness" (as "The Alleys of Singapore")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u> (FAX; Zebra; Ace)
"Alleys of Treachery" (as "The Mandarin Ruby")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"Sailor Dorgan and the Jade Monkey" (as "The Jade Monkey")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"Sailor Dorgan and the Yellow Cobra" (as "The Yellow Cobra")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"Cultured Cauliflowers" (as "In High Society")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"A New Game for Dorgan" (as "Playing Journalist")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"Sailor Dorgan and the Destiny Gorilla" (as "The Destiny Gorilla")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"Iron-Clad Fists" (as "A Knight of the Round Table")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>
"A Two-Fisted Santa Claus" (as "Playing Santa Claus")	<u>The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan</u>

"Sailor Dorgan and the Turkish Menace" (as "The Turkish Menace")

The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan

Note: All of the Dennis Dorgan stories were originally Sailor Steve Costigan stories, but Howard rewrote them in order to create a "new" series for submission to Oriental Stories (soon renamed Magic Carpet). "Sailor Dorgan and the Turkish Menace" was left unfinished by Howard but was completed by Darrell C. Richardson for publication.

Ace Books combined two earlier Howard boxing collections from Zebra Books as the Ace The Iron Man and the Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan.

KID ALLISON

"College Socks"

Fantasy Crossroads 7; Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine 6

"Man with the Mystery Mitts"

Fantasy Crossroads 4/5; Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine 6

"Kid Galahad" (as "The Good Knight")

The Second Book of Robert E. Howard (Zebra; Berkley); The Robert E. Howard Omnibus (Futura/Orbit)

"Fighting Nerves"

REH Fight Magazine 6

"The Texas Wildcat" (titled by Glenn Lord)

REH Fight Magazine 6

"A Tough Nut to Crack" (titled by Glenn Lord)

REH Fight Magazine 6

"The Drawing Card" (titled by Glenn Lord) (unfinished)

REH Fight Magazine 6

"Fistic Psychology" (titled by Glenn Lord) (unfinished)

REH Fight Magazine 6

"The Jinx" (titled by Glenn Lord) (incomplete MS)

REH Fight Magazine 6

Untitled ("Huh? I was so . . .") (incomplete MS)

REH Fight Magazine 6

ACE JESSEL

"The Spirit of Tom Molyneaux" (as "The Apparition in the Prize Ring")

Ghost Stories, April 1929; Boy's Own Fantasy Annual, 1982 (REHUPA mailing); Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine 7

"Double Cross"

Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others; Robert E. Howard's Fight Magazine 7

Note: "The Spirit of Tom Molyneaux" was rewritten to some extent for its appearance in Ghost Stories, but I don't know by whom. It reads much like Howard's other ghostly boxing tales, e.g., "The Mark of a Bloody Hand" and "The Voice of Doom." Presumably he himself rewrote it.

OTHER BOXING

"Crowd Horror"

Argosy All-Story Weekly, July 20,

"Fists of the Revolution"**"Trail of the Snake"****"The Fighting Fury" (unfinished)****"Shackled Mitts" (unfinished)****"Right Hook" (unfinished)****"A Man of Peace" (unfinished)****"The Ferocious Ape" (unfinished)****"Stones of Destiny" (unfinished)****"Weeping Willow" (unfinished)****"Misto' Demsey" (unfinished)****"Iron Men" (as "The Iron Man")****"They Always Come Back"****"Fists of the Desert"**

1929; REH Fight Magazine 7
Fantasy Crossroads, Special Edition 1; REH Fight Magazine 7

REH Fight Magazine 7

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

REH Fight Magazine 8

The Iron Man (FAX; Zebra; Ace)

The Iron Man

The Iron Man

Note: "The Trail of the Snake" mentions Sallor Steve Costigan, but he does not actually appear in it, hence its absence from the Costigan list.

V. Spicies**WILD BILL CLANTON****"The Girl on Hell Ship" (as "She Devil")**

The Book of Robert E. Howard
 (Zebra; Berkley); The She Devil
 (Ace)

"Ship in Mutiny"

Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others; The She Devil

"Desert Blood"

The She Devil

"The Dragon of Kao-Tsu"

The She Devil

"The Purple Heart of Erlik"

Goodstone (ed.), The Pulps (Chelsea House); The She Devil

"Murderer's Grog" (later as "Out-law Working")

The She Devil

Note: "Ship in Mutiny" appears in Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others, with editorial emendation: a repetitive paragraph is relegated to a footnote.

OTHER SPICIES**"Guns of Khartum"**

The Second Book of Robert E. Howard (Zebra; Berkley); The She Devil

"Daughters of Feud"

The She Devil

Untitled Synopsis ("John Gorman found himself in Samarkand . . .")

Risque Stories 1 (CP)

"Miss High-Hat"

Risque Stories 4

"Songs of Bastards" (play)

Lewd Tales (CP)

"Bastards All!" (play)

Lewd Tales

Note: "Guns of Khartum" appears in the Zebra printing with some text omitted; it is restored in the Berkley edition and The She Devil. The "John Gorman" synopsis appears in Risque Stories 1 along with but separate from a story based on the synopsis, "She-Cats of Samarkand" by Marc A. Cerasini and Charles Hoffman. Further stories in

the "John Gorman" pastiche series (not based on any Howard synopses) appear in issues of Risque Stories and Pulse Pounding Adventure Stories.

VI. Westerns

BRECKINRIDGE ELKINS

"Striped Shirts and Busted Hearts"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek (DMG; Zebra); Heroes of Bear Creek (Ace)</u>
"Mountain Man"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Meet Cap'n Kidd"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Guns of the Mountains"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"A Gent from Bear Creek"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Feud Buster"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Road to Bear Creek"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"A Stranger in Grizzly Claw" (as "The Scalp Hunter")	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Cupid from Bear Creek" (as "The Peaceful Pilgrim")	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Haunted Mountain"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Educate or Bust" (as "Sharp's Gun Serenade")	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"War on Bear Creek"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"When Bear Creek Came to Chawed Ear"	<u>A Gent from Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Riot at Cougar Paw"	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Weary Pilgrims on the Road" (as "Pilgrims to the Pecos")	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Gents on the Rampage" (as "High Horse Rampage")	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Apache Mountain War"	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Pistol Politics"	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Politics at Blue Lizard" (as "The Conquerin' Hero of the Hum-bolts")	<u>The Pride of Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Gents in Buckskin" (as "'No Cowherders Wanted'")	<u>Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Mayhem and Taxes" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Evil Deeds at Red Cougar"	<u>Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"Sharp's Gun Serenade"	<u>Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>
"The Peaceful Pilgrim"	<u>Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek</u>

"A Elston to the Rescue" (as "A Elkins Never Surrenders")

Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek

Note: An earlier, slightly different version of "A Elston to the Rescue" or "A Elkins Never Surrenders" appeared in Star Western, September 1936 as "The Curly Wolf of Sawtooth."

Two stories in Mayhem on Bear Creek also appear in slightly rewritten (by Howard) form as chapters of the novel A Gent from Bear Creek. All the chapters of this book are slightly rewritten stories from the pulps.

BUCKNER JEOPARDY GRIMES

"Knife River Prodigal"

The Second book of Robert E. Howard

"A Man-Eating Jeopard"

Skull-Face (Arkham; Panther)

"A Ring-Tailed Tornado"

The Pride of Bear Creek (DMG); Heroes of Bear Creek (Ace)

Note: This character is a clone of Breckenridge Elkins. "A Ring-Tailed Tornado" appears in The Pride of Bear Creek as rewritten into a Breckenridge Elkins tale, not by Howard himself, but by his literary agents, the Otis Adelbert Kline Agency (hence by OAK himself?).

PIKE BEARFIELD

"A Gent from the Pecos" (as "Shave That Hawg!")

Writer of the Dark (DC)

"Gents on the Lynch"

The Book of Robert E. Howard (Zebra; Berkley)

"The Riot at Bucksnot"

The Howard Review 2

"While Smoke Rolled"

Mayhem on Bear Creek; Heroes of Bear Creek

"The Diablos Trail" (titled by Glenn Lord) (unfinished)

Bran Mak Morn: A Play, and Others; Cromlech 3

Note: "While Smoke Rolled," like "A Ring-Tailed Tornado," was rewritten by the Otis Adelbert Kline Agency as a Breckenridge Elkins tale, but originally Howard wrote it as a Pike Bearfield story.

GRIZZLY ELKINS

"Gunman's Debt"

The Last Ride (Berkley)

"Law-Shooters of Cowtown"

The Last Ride

STEVE ALLISON, THE SONORA KID

"Knife, Bullet and Noose"

The Last Ride

"The Devil's Joker"

The Last Ride

"Brotherly Advice" (titled by Glenn Lord)

The Sonora Kid (CP)

"Desert Rendezvous" (titled by Glenn Lord)

The Sonora Kid

"Red Curls and Bobbed Hair"

The Sonora Kid

"The Sonora Kid—Cowhand"

The Sonora Kid

"The Sonora Kid's Winning Hand" (fragment)

The Sonora Kid

Untitled ("A blazing sun in a

The Sonora Kid

blazing sky, reflected from . . .") (unfinished)	
Untitled ("The Hades Saloon and gambling hall, Buffalotown . . .") (unfinished)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>
Untitled ("The Hot Arizona sun") (unfinished)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>
Untitled ("Madge Meraldson set her traveling-bag . . .") (unfinished)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>
Untitled ("Steve Allison settled himself down . . .") (unfinished)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>
Untitled ("The way it came about that Steve Allison, Timoleon") (unfinished)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>
"The West Tower" (titled by Glenn Lord) (fragment)	<u>The Sonora Kid</u>

Note: The unfinished Sonora Kid material is all very early juvenilia. Not all the stories are technically Westerns.

The stories contained in North of Khyber feature the Sonora Kid teamed up with El Borak and are listed under El Borak. They are also unfinished juvenilia.

OTHER WESTERNS

"Vulture's Sanctuary"	<u>The Last Ride</u>
"The Extermination of Yellow Donory"	<u>The Last Ride</u>
"The Last Ride" (as "Boot-Hill Payoff")	<u>The Last Ride</u>
"Drums of the Sunset"	<u>The Vultures of Whapeton</u> (Zebra; Berkley)
"The Vultures of Whapeton"	<u>The Vultures of Whapeton</u> (DMG)
"The Judgement of the Desert"	<u>The Vultures of Whapeton</u>
"Six-Gun Interview" (titled by Glenn Lord) (unfinished)	Unpublished

Note: "The Last Ride" is Howard's complete rewriting or ghost-writing of Chandler Whipple's unsalable story.

"The Vultures of Whapeton" has two endings. The unhappy ending appears in the book; the happy ending appears by itself in Cross Plains 5 and in Cromlech 3. The Zebra edition is textually inferior to the Donald M. Grant hardcover.

VII. Humor

"After the Game"	<u>The Yellow Jacket</u> , October 27, 1926
"Sleeping Beauty"	<u>The Yellow Jacket</u> , October 27, 1926
Untitled ("I, having been . . .")	<u>The Yellow Jacket</u> , November 3, 1926
"The Thessalians"	<u>The Howard Collector</u> (Ace)
"Ye College Days"	<u>The Howard Collector</u> (Ace)
"Cupid vs. Pollux"	<u>The Howard Collector</u> (Ace)
"The Reformation: A Dream"	<u>The Howard Review 3</u>
"Eighttoes Makes a Play"	<u>Red Blades of Black Cathay</u> (DMG)
"Wolfsdung"	<u>Cromlech 3</u>
"The Shiek"	<u>The Tattler</u> , March 15, 1923

Note: "Eighttoes Makes a Play" is a collaboration between Howard and Tevis Clyde Smith. Both plotted it, while Smith actually wrote it.

Of course the Breckenridge Elkins, Buckner Jeopardy Grimes, Pike Bearfield, Sailor Steve Costigan, Sailor Dennis Dorgan, and Kid Allison series, plus other individual tales like "Fists of the Revolution," are also humorous.

VIII. "True Adventure," Confession, Mainstream

"Wild Water"	<u>The Vultures of Whapeton</u>
"The Heathen" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"Midnight"	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"Sunday in a Small Town"	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"Musings of a Moron"	<u>The Howard Collector (Ace)</u>
"Diogenes of Today"	<u>Red Blades of Black Cathay (DMG)</u>
"The Loser"	<u>Pay Day (CP)</u>
"A Touch of Color"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"The Nut's Shell"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"Pay Day"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"Nerve"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"The Block"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"The Sophisticate"	<u>Pay Day</u>
"The Voice of the Mob"	<u>Lurid Confessions 1 (CP)</u>
"The Curse of Greed"	<u>Lurid Confessions 1</u>
"The Devil in his Brain"	<u>Lurid Confessions 1</u>
"A Matter of Age"	<u>Lurid Confessions 1</u>
<u>Post Oaks and Sand Roughs</u>	<u>Post Oaks and Sand Roughs</u> <u>(DMG [?])</u>

Note: "Diogenes of Today" is a collaboration between Howard and Tevis Clyde Smith, who took turns at the typewriter composing it.

Post Oaks and Sand Roughs is a thinly fictionalized autobiographical novel, due to be published by Donald M. Grant.

IX. Odds and Ends

"The Hashish Land"	<u>Fantome 1</u>
"The Gondarian Man" (titled by Glenn Lord)	<u>Fantasy Crossroads 6</u>
"The Last Laugh" (titled by Jonathan Bacon?)	<u>Fantasy Crossroads 9</u>
"Etchings in Ivory"	<u>The Book of Robert E. Howard</u>

X. Ghostly Boxing

"The Mark of the Bloody Hand"	<u>Crypt of Cthulhu 47</u>
"The Voice of Doom"	<u>Crypt of Cthulhu 39</u>

A P P E N D I X

These addresses may help you locate copies of these items. Question marks after the name indicate an old address. I don't know if they are still good. There is no guarantee that even the publishers will have copies of, e.g., 70s fanzines.

Donald M. Grant, Publisher
West Kingston, RI 02892

George Hamilton
(Cross Plains)
1001 Van Buren
Placentia, CA 92670

REH: Two-Gun Raconteur (?)
Black Coast Press
Houston, TX

Cryptic Publications
107 East James Street
Mount Olive, NC 28365

Robert & Phyllis Weinberg Books
15145 Oxford Drive
Oak Forest, IL 60452

Dark Carnival Press
Thomas Kovacs
Schontal Street 20
8004 Zurich
SWITZERLAND

Jonathan Bacon (?)
(Fantasy Crossroads
Fantasy Crosswinds)
Box 147
Lamoni, IA 50140

REH: Lone-Star Fictioneer (?)
P. O. Box 186
Shawnee Mission, KS 66801

The Howard Review
Fantastic Graphics & Publishing Co.
4886 Winchester #2
Memphis, TN 38118

Necronomicon Press
101 Lockwood Street
West Warwick, RI 02893

Gibbelins Gazette Publications
Vernon Clark
Knoxville, TN

OUT OF PRINT BOOK SPECIALISTS

Eric Kramer/Fantasy Archives
71 Eighth Avenue
New York, NY 10014

Soft Books
89 Marion Street
Toronto, Ontario M6R 1E6
CANADA

Copyright © 1988

Stories and Synopses by
Mrs. P. M. Kuykendall

Cover art by Stephen E. Fabian

All other material by
Cryptic Publications
Robert M. Price, Editor
107 East James Street
Mount Olive, North Carolina 28365

AMAZING STORIES

APRIL
25 Cents



**A
COSMIC
JUKEBOX
SCAN**